

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Sutor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreme Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-holne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Eye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highnesse decreely.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All other, that is out of doore, most rich:
If he be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather direly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish twixt
The fire Orbes above, and the twin'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor th' Appetite.
Sluttish to such neare Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet vn-satisf'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and preuious.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes rauch loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choofe
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pittie too.

Imo. What do you pittie Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pittie?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuier with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pittie me?

Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enioy your — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainities
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Exit.

Slaves

Slauer with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll: Toyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Bale and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himselfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O dearest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke: A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hur'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Cofters yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmitie for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boy'd stufte
As well might poyson Poyson: Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd?
How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
While he is vaulting variable Ranges
In your despite, vpon your purse: reuenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as fure.

Imo. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away! I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee: If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou ser'st: as base, as strange:

Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as faire
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mat
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed be you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

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